## THE FAITH OF MISS ROLAND.

It was a matter of surprise to Washington society when it awoke one morning and heard that Miss Roland had gone into a convent. Mrs. Horace Bland ordered her coupe half an hour earlier than usual, so anxious was she to exchange ideas on the subject with her dearest friends.

"How d'ye do?" she exclaimed, as she fluttered in with her card-case in her hand. "Lovely day, isn't it, for calls? You're looking so well. But have you heard the news? Miss Roland, you know. Do you suppose that lovely thing has buried herself in a nunnery? How could her folks let her do it? I declare, it has almost given me a turn. Isn't it a shame?"

Mrs. Bland poured forth her questions with a volubility which brooked no reply to twenty-five of her society friends who had the distinction of belonging to her set, and regretted that there were several others upon whom she could only leave cards. The senatorial lady had buried herself in society so far as such interment was possible to her; and she was never so happy as when feeling it pressing upon her. Naturally it came home to the meager spiritual force which was the root of her personality that it was a portentous calamity for a young, lovely girl like Miss Roland, who was received everywhere and whose toilets were revelations of genius, to rush oft to a moldly little town nowhere in particular,

and turn herself into a nun. This was the general feeling of the world which Miss Roland had adorned. The Catholics in it were not of the class which sympathizes with conventual life, and they, too. felt it a pity. It was right enough, but she was so young, so pretty! One reason for the general surprise of society people was undoubtedly the fact that Miss Roland had seemed so thor-

oughly of their world. She had mingled in the vortex of society life at the capital with zest; her delight in dancing was very great, and, without any coquetry, her bright and charming manners had made her a favorite with men. Several highly desirably partis had been demonstrative in their attentions to her. No one was gayer in a breezy, contained sort of way, and her wit was as bright as her

But there was the fact, incongruous or not. Miss Roland had gone to Frederick City and had entered the Visitation monastery in that moribund town. The explanation of the fact was the difficult point. She had loved the world and she had left it. But the reason was simple. Though she did love the world, and enough to make her gravely deliberate whether she should not confer her hand upon a titled embassador and remain in it, her conclusion, arrived at in the calmest, most unemotional way, was that to make her life an undivided service to the Lord was the highest use to which she could put it. Father Pinamonti, the old Jesuit priest at Saint Aloysius's Church, who was a great authority in matters spiritual, after giving much reflection to the state of Miss Roland's soul, scorded full approbation to her decision. Some of those who knew her only as an

animated "society girl" thought it was an "idea" of Miss Roland's, and that she would rally from it. A few months of passionate exhalation in a convent, and then she would return to the brilliant career which was hers in Washington. Some of the Catholic ladies who confessed to Father Pinamonti, "at Easter, or thereabouts," ventured to express this view to the old

He had a way of laughing quite his own, looking over his "glasses," with his bright eyes twinkling rognishly. He met this view of the ladies with his little cadenza of mellow laughter. Then he said slowly, but with an accent of quiet conviction: "I do not think Miss Roland will return

He knew the young woman had decided on her vocation almost as calmly as she would have worked out a problem in mathematics. Loving the world, she had turned her back resolutely upon it with no disgust or weariness of its pleasures. The pervading sentiment of her soul was a strong per-sonal devotion to the humanity of the Lord. Christ was the most palpable reality to her mind, not eighteen centuries behind her, but only one heart-throb removed from her in close invisibility. Her vivid, unquestioning faith was like the air she breathed. The thought that His love would accept her as a holocaust became, finally, an overmastering one. She would repay the intense love of her God by giving up, for Him, the gayety and joyousness of the world. She determined herself to this soberly, deliberately, unemotionally, but not, it need hardly be said, insensibly.

She keenly appreciated what it meant to

be the bride of Him "who feeds among the Hence, she cast about her for that form of conventual immolation which should best enable her to realize the ideal she proposed to herself in her desire to be molded for her Master. The humanity of Christ seemed to have its fullest worship in the devotion to his sacred heart which e had revealed to the Order of Visitation. So Miss Roland, without ever having seen fight that has ever been fought, and whose a Visitatandine, or even having entered victory has ratified a fallen race. But when them: and one week after a grand ball at the English embassy, where she had been the most brilliant figure of the evening, she bestowed her ball dresses on her cousin, and set off for the sleepy old Maryland town of Frederick.

There was no exhilaration in her heart when she stepped forth at the dingy yellow station and was driven through the sordid business thoroughfare of Market street and then down the quiet cross street to the lavender-colored monastery. There was, on the contrary, a distinct sinking of her spirits which was quite in keeping with the character of her vocation, so largely the fruit of rational reflection, and quite independent of, though not sundered from, all sensible impressions. She felt as keen a sensibility to what she was casting off as she did to what she was assuming. She proved a most edifying novice.

Her faith was so startlingly sensible that many of the trials of the term of pro-bation were weakened. There was something naive and comforting in her faith. The mother, and the Jesnit father from the novitiate across the way, had rarely met so clear-headed and so docile a pupil in the spiritual life. She acquitted herself of her duties with such a calm simplicity that only the reverend mother and the father confessor knew how much they chafed her at times, and that frequently when she was going through the points of her meditation seductive phantasms of the world's gayety came to distress her by their attractiveness. Even a glance backward to the world seemed in-

But these stormy waves of her soul life which one part of her bright, vigorous nature excited against the other only beat around the lower half of her being. Her will was fully able to cope with tempta-tions to irritability or defection. She did not falter for a moment. Her intense faith was a rock on which her feet were firmly planted. The task of purifying her soul more and more in the sight of the Lord, in whose presence it was such joy and peace for her to walk, this was what she had come for. Thorns or roses on the upward path did not enter into the consideration. Faith was so clear in her that vistas of peace unfolded before her, what-

ever might become of happiness. There was no eagerness to write to her friends, no desire to receive visitors in the parlor, no conscious effort to make things easy for herself. She moved through the months of her probation with loving ex ctness, and at the end of her novitiate pronounced her vows with a calm earnestness that was better than the most ecstatic fervor. The name she received in religion

was Sister Margaret Mary. Washington society had rather forgotten her by that time, and it only came to the remembrance of Sister Margaret as a bright and-mark that stood at a stage of the journey forever past. Her life was uneventful, as history goes. She was a pious Visitandine, whose pronounced characteristic was faith. True, she merited new degrees of glory every day, and heaven knows lat is not uneventful. Only yesterdays were very like to-days. She continued to push the world more and more from her soul. Don Inigo of Loyola so completely mastered himself that some thought him phlegmatic. Sister Margaret Mary, with her great delicacy of feeling, keen sensibility to enjoyment and strong intellectual force, jousted with the world, the flesh and the devil so entirely within herself that some thought her cold. They did not see or hear the strife.

Not so Father Caterri, a wonderful Jesuit father from the novitiate across the way. Used as he was to tracing the beauties of divine grace in generous souls, the marvelous faith and quiet, cool common sense of

Sister Margaret was a surprise and a de-light to him. He used to fire the souls of his tender brood of novices by recounting some of the virtues and glorious warfare of the Visitandine. From the way he told them about her they fancied it was a vet-eran religieuse whom the father had met

in Europe years ago.
"Eh, my dear brothers," he would say,
"some of these good sisters are examples to us in faith and courage. I know of one

who," etc., etc.

The ardent young souls kept their eyes religiously fixed upon the pine floor of the ascetery; but they treasured up these things in their hearts, like Mary, and tried to repeat in their lives some of the heroism they were told about in this model sister.

"Father," said Sister Margaret Mary one evening; "I have a sort of scruple."

"Eh, a scruple may be good or it way be bad. Let us have the scruple," he answered, with his easy, confident smile.
"Sometimes when I pass through the garden and see the fresh green grass, with the warm sunshine and cool shadows on it, and smell the sweetness of the flowers, and feel the brightness and quiet sink into me, I find myself vibrating to a thrill of joy. feel like stretching out my arms to take in more, and I would like to remain alone in that happy joy, alone with our Lord. But I have no thought in my mind, there is no image that I dwell on; it is only a languid sort of sweetness that soothes me. It seems as if God were pressing against my heart, my soul. Is this right? Or is it only some spiritual sensuality which Satan uses to deceive me and draw me off from more practical things?"

"My dear Sister," said Father Caterri, "it is our Lord feeding you with sweets because you are a child. When you grow up in His sacred heart to be stronger you will taste something of the cup which He had in Gethsemane. You will know a desolation as subtle and keen as this consolation. A certain happiness will always be yours, with your gift of faith; but trial must shake you. It is the stamp of the Master on His chosen souls. So take the sweets when He sends them, simply, gratefully. When the gall and wormwood come, do the same." So Sister Margaret went on quietly and with the eyes of her soul gazing clear and sure on Christ, and feeling His presence almost sensibly.

Miss Roland had not been Sister Margaret Mary more than two years when bitter times fell on the country. North and South ing a deadly internecine strife. Rumors of the war drifted into the quiet cloister of the Visitation monastery and the square, sunny garden of the Jesuit novitiate across the way. After a time more substantial evidences of the terrible contest were brought before the eyes of the novices and the sisters. The blue of the North and the gray of the South were seen on the narrow, cobble-payed streets of the old Maryland town. Out in the fields by the Monocacy battles raged, and shot and shell did ghastly work. Young soldiers, with pallid faces and gaping wounds, would be brought into the novitiate and the monastery. Many an arm and leg was cut from the plucky fellows on the broad, lower porch of the novitiate and buried in the old grave-yard, on the right-hand side of the garden, under the shadow of the tall stone wall. The novices and sisters were called on to exercise the corporal works of mercy for the wounded warriors. They prepared lint, and bandages, and liniments, and cared in a thousand ways for the stricken men, whether North-ern or Southern lead had made furrows in their bodies. They were God's creatures, and their souls were in the image of Him they served. It mattered not what leaven of patriotic ardor had hurried them to the

Oftentimes the poor, battered frames could no longer furnish dwelling-places for the soul, and after dust and heat of the carnage they breathed their last, those strong. young fighters, in the cool calm of the closter. Overthrow on the field of earthly warfare brought many of them to the vesti-

Sister Margaret Mary was one of the most devoted of nurses. She was as good a model of the active as she had been of the contemplative life. Her energetic soul and strong nerves stood her in good stead. If one of the men had to go through with some ugly surgical operation she could be counted on to assist unflinchingly. Her zealous ministry for the sick and wounded knew no bounds. To her, each of those blue or gray-coated men, writhing in pain, was Christ. Her faith was sometimes a

torture to her as well as a joy. As an army nurse she was incomparable. She never forgot the directions the doctor gave; she seemed instinctively to know what service was most useful, and it was all done with a promptness and a quiet that made it a double satisfaction. The doctors got to calling for her when a particularly trying case was on their hands. When the good Sister was not busying

herself with the corporal needs of her wounded charges she was working with equal diligence for their spiritual necessities. These came home to her with a far more aching force. Wounded and suffering they brought to her mind another wounded and suffering Man who fought the greatest parched lips as they tossed or turned on their bed of pain, or when the sacred names were flung out with naught of sacredness in their angry utterances, she sank a little into her soul through sympathy with her Master who had done so much to make those souls His, and whose name they thought of only to point their wrath. One day a young officer was brought to

the convent. Two or three savage wounds

and his right arm shattered by a cannon-ball were the laurels he had plucked from the field. His bronzed face was pale and drawn, and his lips were parted. An expression of intense suffering was in his dark eyes. His brow was knit, and a pentup endurance sat upon his vissage. The arm had to be amputated. The wounds were dressed, and he was made as comfortable as possible in the cool linen sheets with the soft breeze coming in through the green window-shades to fan his hot brow. Sister Margaret did all she could to alleviate his sufferings, which were particularly keen. In the beginning he was too much engrossed with his pain to notice anything. He was not a patient soul. If some sudden twist made him writhe, or if he had tossed and turned till he was wildly irritated, a fierce expression. violent and profane, would break from him. The holy nun would utter some aspiration of faith at these outbreaks, a reparative sigh of love and impetration. But her faith was too true and hardy to allow her to turn from the poor fellows even when they were coarse or blasphemous. She regarded their moral failings much as she did their other wounds.

The young officer was not coarse, but the hot impatience with which he would utter the names so reverend to Sister Margaret was a shock to her. It seemed such rebellion. He was a strong, handsome young fellow, who chafed furiously under the trial of being pinned to his bed and having those keen pains shoot through him without any warning. He retarded his own recovery by this feverish intoler-

As he rallied he began to notice the ministrations of the Sister. "Thanks, Sister." he would say with such respect and gratitude to her when she performed some office of charity for him. It wounded her to see him so grateful to her and so dreadfully impatient toward the Lord. He would lower his tone in speaking to her, but would fling out the name of Christ with savage disrespect and intensity.

"You will tire yourself, Sister," he would say to her at times. "Take some rest. I do not want anything now. She smiled faintly and left him only to go to some of the others, or else to the chapel, where she supplicated the Sacred Heart of her Lord to distill grace on the hearts of these poor men who were suffering so much, and not making barvest of their pains. Once, when she was preparing some medicine for him at the little table by his cot, a sharp pain bent his body with agony. A fiercely profane expression burst from him. It was so bitter that Sister Margaret Mary

horror swept over her face. As the pain subsided he looked up and caught this expression on her countenance. "Forgive me, Sister. I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "God has to forgive you more than I," she answered, simply. After that, when a spasm of pain would twist his body, he gritted his teeth together and held his breath. But he did not swear

again when the Sister was present. After seeming to rally he experienced a relapse. He became feverish, and his strength wasted rapidly. The nun's solicitude redoubled. The delicate feeling he had shown, and the really noble nature within him, made her regret the more that

he should seem so little to know his Master. On religious points he would not listen to Father Caterri. "Don't bother me with those things now Father. 1 am not a Christian. I rejected all that when I was well, and I am not go-

ing to turn to it now because I am stricken down. I do not believe any of those things." He grew weaker daily. Once when Sister Margaret was at his side, he turned his eyes on her and said:
"Does the doctor think I'll pull through,

or am I done for?" "You are very ill." said the Sister, gravely. "But will I die! I want to know," he persisted. "I'm not a child to be kept in ignorance of such a thing, and I am not a coward."

"You are not afraid to die?" asked Sister Margaret, softly. "No; I am not afraid. I do not want to die, when I have not half lived my life. But I am not afraid. I have no friends, no relatives. I can go much better than others that have ties. But I wish I had been snuffed out on the field, and not been

made to wither away here like a wounded "Would you not like to prepare yourself?" she asked. "I have no preparation to make. I have nothing to leave," he replied. "But are you prepared to meet God! Would you not like to setyour soul in order

before you go to His judgment seat?"
"Gcd! There is no God," he answered, "There is a God; and He has made you and died for you, and you reject Him. Is not that cowardly and ungrateful?" the

nun said, earnestly.
"But I do not believe in Him. How can say 'I believe' when I do not?" he returned, impatiently. A sort of glow came into Sister Margaret's face. She sank upon her knees and with her eyes upturned, like one looking at a vision, exclaimed with intense fervor: "O Lord, here in our midst, as near this

man as I am, pour thy light upon his soul and let him see, I pray thee!" He looked at her respectfully as she rose and stood before him, with her sweet, grave modesty, like a simple child, like a digni-

fied woman.

"Courage and confidence, my friend," she said. "God will know how to get into your soul. Do not bar the door. I will pray for "Sister, one cannot say 'I believe' when he does not. It is too late."

"It is never too late for God," she an The night was a hard one for the sick man. The doctor saw him the next day took his pulse and temperature, pursed out his lip and moved on. When he met Sister

Margaret Mary he said:
"That officer who had his arm taken of is galloping away pretty fast. He is likely to die at any moment." Likely to die at any moment! Likely to pass from the world into the presence of God with a denial of Him on his lips! And the time was so short. It was terrible to her that his poor, chating spirit should go forth so unprepared. What could she dof Nothing but pray. She hastened to the

Blessed Sacrament. "Oh, my God, if I can do anything to bring this soul to you, thou knowest I am prepared to do it. Helphim, I pray you." While she prayed an inspiration came to her with such force that she thanked God for it. When Father Caterri came to the convent in the afternoon to make his rounds among the soldiers she spoke to him as soon as he was through.

"Have you done anything with the sick officer. Father? The doctor says he will die "I can do nothing, Sister. I spoke with

him, but he refuses to listen. 'I cannot believe,' he says. "Does not one sometimes have a faith that is not necessary to them, Father?" asked the sister.

"Sister," answered the Father, "faith is believing what God says because He says it. It is the submission which man makes of his being, for his being is dominated by his intellect, and faith is the subjection of the intellect to God's word. Faith does not ask the reason. It asks the revelation. It is the sublimest confidence. I believe you because you are incapable of deceiving me or of being deceived yourself,' is what the Christian says to God. Hence all that He says must be believed, and to refuse assent to a single iota is to have no faith at all. Hence all who believe, believe all, and all believe the same. So faith is not divisible.

Is that an answer to your question?"
"No. I did not mean precisely that. Some believe more easily. They believe with an almost sensible appreciation. It is a delight to them. All that is a very great joy; but is it not a sort of special gift, something not necessary?" returned

"Certainly. For faith you only require the assent of the intellect which the will may command in the face of every natural inclination to death, or amid any weariness

"That is what I mean, Father," said Sister Margaret Mary. "I do not experi-ence any difficulty in believing; I have never done so. It seems to me as if it would be impossible to doubt the truths of faith. To-day, as I was praying for this sick soldier who says he cannot b lieve, the thought came to me that by asking God to accept the withdrawal from me of these accidental qualities of faith, as a sacrifice to obtain for this poor man the grace of believing, I might obtain his conversion. Would it be right to do this or is it presumption?"

"You are ready to do precisely as I tell you in the matter!" said Father Caterri to "Yes, perfectly so. I have no wish to do it except the thought of doing it is from

"It is always dangerous in the religious life to wish to turn to a by-path when the beaten road leads as near to God as human souls can go in their earthly path; but if God himself calls one to walk in this unusual path who shall gainsay Him? We are His to be made into vessels of honor or dishonor, but always do His will. I will tell you this evening. In the meantime pray that I may be helped to a right decision in the matter. There is only one true thing for you now whatever the decision may be, and that is perfect indiffer-ence. What we do for God is nothing compared to what we wish and try to do." In the evening, when Father Caterri saw the Sister, he said:

"Have you prayed to be guided aright?"
"Yes, Father." "And do you still feel that God would have you make this offering?" "I feel that I still wish to do it, and for His sake; but I am ready to do whatever

you shall say, "Then renew your offering to-morrow morning at mass. God may not accept it: He may only wish you to offer the sacrifice without permitting you to make it. If He accepts it, He will give you strength to fulfilt it."

Sister Margaret Mary did offer herself to be despoiled of all the sweetness and ease of faith, provided she might still cling to the assent, which is the one thing needful. She begged Him to accept it for the soul of the young soldier, who was so soon to pass to his judgment.

When she came to the cot of the sick man in the morning, he greeted her with a halfmelancholy smile. "I am going to die," he said. "The doctor has told me." "And are you resigned," the Sister asked

"It is hard to give up life when I do not feel as if I had lived my time, but I could not die better than defending my country, and even the old do not seem very glad to go. It is a leap in the dark." "It is a leap into the light, if you will

only see," said Sister Margaret. "God is waiting for you. Go to Him of your own will before the veil is drawn, and faith will no longer be possible. Will you not see Father Caterri?" She waited for what he would say with a great desire in her heart. After a moment

the soldier answered, gravely, "Yes." When Fatner Caterri came to him, the sick man said to him: "Father, I do not know why I have consented to see you. Or rather, I do know why; it is because of the feeling in me. But I cannot see why should be in this mood. It is not fear. have lived a life in accordance with what I thought was right. I examined Christianity carefully and put it aside because I could not accept it. But there is somepressed her hands together, and a look of thing in me now which draws me with a calm, reverential feeling toward the idea of God. I believe in Him. Why? I do not know. But not only do I believe, but there is such a sense in me that I am right, such a conviction and certainty that I should have this belief that I only ask you to tell me what He wishes of me. If there is yet time, show me what I must do."

The priest in a few words set forth the mission of Christ, the meaning of faith, the means of knowing it and its essential doctrines. He spoke slowly and briefly. The officer listened without interrupting him, and when he was through said quietly:
"I believe. When will you baptize me, "I believe. When will you baptize me, brain weighed 11.9 ounces and the female 11.6 ounces, the weight of the brain being to the body as one to eight or thereabout. Father?"

swered Father Caterri. "You have received an extraordinary grace."

It had been a hard day for Sister Margaret Mary. The sweetness and calm of the convent life seemed to have faded away in a moment. The religious exercises impressed her only by their external form; there seemed no spirit in them. She felt like a friend who keeps up the duties of friendship after friendship has died. The sound of the bell calling her here and there impressed her as silly and irritating. The monotonous chant of the choir sisters seemed a routine work—a babbling of words and an ignorance of purpose. "They do not even know the language they chant in. How can God get any honor from these weak women singing the Psalms like parrots?" The metaphors in the Scriptures seemed crude and undignified to her. Had she not deceived herself in thinking this repressed life was so ble? Such were the unbidden thoughts which kept invading her mind.

When Sister Margaret realized the tone of thought into which she had lapsed she recalled herself sharply. She repeated the act of faith with great earnestness, but it was wonderful what an effort it was to her. It was a new condition of mind for her, and she suffered intensely. It was the her, and she suffered intensely. It was the same when she went to the altar to pray. Once she had been so full of that sense of the blessed presence in the tabernacle that she had walked lightly on leaving the chapel. It would not have surprised her if she had heard a voice from the tabernacle. But now! The marble tabernacle seemed like a tomb, and an empty one.

"I believe, O my God, I believe all thou hast taught. No matter what I may feel, I believe!" she exclaimed in her heart. But she did not feel any sweetness

heart. But she did not feel any sweetness in it, and she was tempted to doubt if she ought to make such protestations of faith when her soul yielded to them so half-heartedly. It was hard for her to submit her heart and mind so far as to make this Act of Faith.

When she met Father Caterri in the afternoon, she felt the greatest repugnance to speaking with him. It was such a humilition to admit this weak, vacullating mood. Would he understand it? What need of telling so much to a man? Was not she capable of doing for herself? She knew what she ought to do and she was doing it. He could not help this dry, doubting spirit which had suddenly

seized upon her. What she did was to walk straight to him and say: "Father, I am more wretched than I could have conceived possible. Every movement I make toward holy things there arises some dreadful, sneering thought within me. I do things so reluctantly, feeling as if I were a hypocrite, and going through a sort of mummery. You do not know how I feel inclined to avoid you. It

is much barder than I thought." Father Caterri did not smile. He knew that suffering like this was only too wearing and terrible. She had asked and she had received. Faith remained to her, but despoiled of its spontaneity, its sweetness, its comfort. That she had asked for it did not necessarily sustain her, because the very prayer for this now seemed foolish

and vainglorious. "Courage," he said, gently. "Come with me. I am on my way to baptize the soldier. To-morrow he will receive holy communion. He has accepted the faith with the simplicity of a child."

The baptism of the gallant officer did not bring her the consolation she had fancied. She brought the salt, and oil, and water from the sacristy with a dull, sickening weariness. "I believe, O my God, I believe!" she cried from out the depths of her sore heart. She felt like a criminal as she entered the

room where the sick man lay. Never could she have fancied that she could prepare for so glorious a thing as his baptism with this listless repugnance in her soul. There was no joyous gratitude for it.

He turned his dark eyes on her as she approached, and a tender smile parted his

lips. How hollow his cheeks were, though there was a force and fire in his eye which showed that his soul was strong if it was being forced from the citadel of the "Sister,"I have to thank you for this," he

said. "I do not know how faith could have come upon me as it has unless through your prayers. But I am very happy, and it The nun smiled in a forced way. "God is good. He has done this." She felt a

reluctance in saying the words. They were commanded only by her intellect, instead of springing naturally from her She arranged the bowl and pitcher of holy water on the table, and assisted

Father Catteri in the ceremony of conferring baptism on the sick soldier. She supported him as the water was poured upon him, her white hands clasping the well-When it was over and he lay back upon his pillow, his eyes closed, she gathered the

things together and left him. Her heart was very sore. To have so little sympathy with him in this solemn rite was something which made her ache. It looked as if she had deserted him after leading him up to this point. He received the holy communion the next morning. Sister Margaret Mary ac-

companied Father Caterri when he gave it. The same wretched feeling was in the nun's heart. Every few moments she would make an Act of Faith, but there was the same questioning, dissatisfied spirit within her. It vexed her to see how confidently the sick man took it for granted that they were on the same plane now in their belief She felt that he was in possession of a feeling such as hers had been, but, alas! was

not now. He asked her to remain with him. have not long to stay, Sister. I think I should not have held out till to-day except to receive communion. Will you say the Act of Faith for me, and make a few aspirations? I feel a strange sinking, I can hardly speak, but I shall follow you." His

voice was very weak.
"Had I not better call Father Caterri?" she said, hurriedly. "No; why? I have nothing to confess, and by reciting for me the Acts of Faith and Contrition you can do all that I need now. You are all the human help I need. my good Sister. She knelt by his bedside and aloud re-

cited the Act of Faith, feeling very un-faithful as she did it, her heart was so When she looked up his increased pallor and the fixed expression of his eyes terrified her. He turned his head slightly and

"Good-bye, Sister. Thanks to you, we may meet in heaven. He turned his dark eyes gratefully upon her. Then there was a paroxysm of pain, and he cried: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." The next moment he turned his eyes toward the Sister and said, faintly: "I will not forget you there. Pray for me, Sister." His breath came quicker. The death

agony had begun. A moment later, as she pressed her crucifix to his lips, he made a supreme effort and kissed it. Then he fell back with one short sigh. His soul had passed to its judgment. Sister Margaret Mary girded herself to the hard task of sustaining her solicitude and incapacity for all sensible feeling of faith. She had offered a sacrifice

and it had been accepted. The sick soldier had become a Christian and had died a beautiful death. To the credit of the nun she did not falter. Temptation and trial she had known, but never such a wearing, sickening sense as this bereavement of all sensible consolation of the faith. She grew gaunt and pale under it, and few of her Washington friends would have recognized the delicate beauty

of Miss Roland in the thin, worn features of Sister Margaret Mary. But she was faithful. Through the weariness of soul, the desolating loneliness of heart, the dread doubts and fears, she performed her duties with the same care and exactness.

The trial lasted for a year. One morning at mass, without any warning or preparation her soul was inundated with spiritual sweetness and the almost sensible presence of the guest in the tabernacle revived in her soul. Her strong, vivid faith was restored to her. It was the first anniversary of the death of the young soldier. know this trial or one that could compare with it. Others she did know, but they seemed so light to bear in comparison. But Father Pinamonti was right. Miss Roland did not return to the world. She rests now, at peace forever, in an ugly little grave-yard in Frederick, possessing the substance of things hoped for in lieu of faith.

-John J. a Becket, in New York Independent. As the result of weighing two hundred and three newly-born children to determine the weight of brain, the male infant's READING FOR SUNDAY.

Her Prayer. have been too much used, I know, To tell my needs in fretful words. The clamoring of the silly birds, Impatient for their wings to grow,
Has Thy forgiveness; O my blessed Lord,
The like to me accord!

Of grace, as much as will complete Thy will in me. I pray Thee for; Even as a rose shut in a drawer, That maketh all about it sweet.

I would be, rather than the cedar fine. Help me, Thou power divine!

Fill Thou my heart with love as full As any lily with the rain; Unteach me ever to complain, and make my scarlet sins as wool; Yea, wash me, even with sorrows, alean and fair.

As lightnings do the air! -Alice Cary.

June 8, 1890. TEACHING TO PRAY-Luke xi, 1-13. Golden Text-Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.-Luke xi, 9.

International Sunday - School Lesson for

INTERNATIONAL HOME READINGS. Mon.—Luke xi, 1-13. Teaching to pray.

Tues.—Matthew vi, 5-15. Sincerity in prayer.

Wed.—Matt. vii, 7-12. God's willingness to hear.

Thur.—John xvi, 23-30. In His name. Fri.—Romans viii, 26-32. Encouragement. Sat.—James i, 1-7. Believing prayer. Su.—Psm. xxxiv, 1-15. Testimony of experience.

WHAT THE LESSON TRACHES. The Independent.

A man should pray as if there were left nothing else in the wide world for him to do. Who shall teach us-what shall teach us how to pray? The question that the disciple asked his Lord is one that is often repeated by those caught in the dreadful vortex of business and society. Simplicity is all but impossible. God, to many, is not a reality but a hope of the imagination. Fatherhood in him is a divine dream. Faith is the shadow of things unseen. How is prayer possible to these? How shall the troubled soul be taught true prayer? But to the majority of Christians there comes no enjoyment in prayer. Most prayers by most people are stereotyped expressions in a peculiar and proper tone of voice.

Who feels the real relish of prayer? How

many are there who do not look upon it as the bugbear of Christian vows? The working men or women who drop upon knees ex-hausted with toil, who in a few moments of rest escape the chatter and the grind of life -do these pray or merely rest? Are most prayer-meetings, whether attended in the home or church, after the ardnous labor of the day—are these seasons of real commun-ion or of physical recuperation? How many honestly analyze their state

when they think they are, or pretend to be, adoring the Deity? How many boys and girls are there that really pray when the

The reason that prayer is a closed portal to the great majority of professed Christians is this-because the church has departed from the simplicity of Christ's example. Thousands of men and women teach the next generation how to pray who have never learned to pray themselves. How can a man teach astronomy without a minute knowledge of the stars, relying on quavering generalities? And how can one presume to teach prayer without modeling the instruction upon the great master of prayer, Christ?

The most noticeable point of departure is in the matter of length. Public prayer should usually be short. Many prayermeetings enforce this rule with a bell, and spiritual impulses grow at every meeting.

But prayer should be made a matter of prayerful study. An embassador well weighs his words before he accosts a sovereign. It does not detract from the reverence of the act, but rather enhances it, to approach God with one's powers of mind and soul trained to their highest pitch. Who responds to a call, or an oration, or to a sermon without adequate preparation?
Who expects to influence God or man without a momentous preparation? The amount of harm that is done by carelessly touching off a prayer, as one would a sky-rocket, is incalculable. It is always sure to come

down like a stick. Study, in connection with the Lord's Prayer, the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The one supplements the other. An exhaustive analysis of these two prayers will teach more about the aim and spirit of prayer than all else that has been written or said upon the subject. Still the student needs frequent guidance.

Note the manner of Christ's prayer-frequent, secret, insistent, solitary. He "devitalized" his being from earth. He never failed-so earnest and direct was he-to touch the heart of God.
Again, in to-day's model, the first recognition is God, not self. Self-alienation and glorification in the fact that God through Christ is the cause, the means and the end

of the holiness and beautr in this world is the natural introduction and close to a word with God. As we live in the world, the necessary bodily wants are to be asked for. Forgiveness for sins is indispensable. And the the test of Christ's follower is the desire to

escape from future sin and contamination. Of General Interest. Mrs. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., who the income to be used as he thought best to lessen the sufferings of all kinds of animals.

Mlle. Virginie Mauvais, now in her ninety-second year, has given nearly half a million dollars to her native town, Nancy, to build a new wing to the hospital. Mlle. Mauvais is a noted educationist, and her system of instruction has been in vogue in numbers of schools for more than fifty A students' missionary union has been

formed in England. It is to band together the students who feel called to foreign missionary work, and to seek to increase their number. Each member signs the following: "Students' Missionary Union declaration: It is my earnest hope, if God permit, to engage in foreign mission work. Here am I; send me."

Rev. A. Thornbrue, of Fontanelle, Ia., writes to the Christian Advocate that the "blue-ribbon" movement inaugurated by Francis Murphy in April is spreading all over the county. Bands are formed in the school-houses and churches, attended by a class seldom before seen at service. The county was fast becoming one of the most intemperate in central Iowa; now the people are at work on moral-suasion lines, and the most wealthy and influential are taking hold of the movement.

The Ragged School Union, a benevolent organization which is in sympathetic touch with more than fifty thousand of London's poorest children, has just held its annual meeting. "The Union," says the Christian World, "has occupied during the year 190 separate buildings, and these might well be designated homes of industry. As many as 43,957 children have attended the 218 Sunday schools. The twenty-four day schools show an average attendance of 2,213, while 3,490 have availed themselves of the advantages offered by the 101 week night schools. The eighty-four industrial classes have not been a whit behind in popularity, and record the spiendid average attendance of 3,-068. Besides these agencies, there are the recreation classes and clubs, the holiday homes, to which over four thousand children were sent during the year."

Thoughts for the Day. The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a And the man said, "Am I your debtor!" And the Lord-"Not yet, but make it as clean as

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past, Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire; But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last As he stands on the heights of his life with

And then I will let you a better."

you can.

Temptations are a file which rub off the rust of self-confidence. - Fenelon. Through the wide world he only is alone who lives not for another.

glimpse of a height that is higher.

None know what it is to live till they redeem life from monotony by sacrifice. -Wendell Phillips. There is only one thing to do when we are in doubt or perplexity, and that is the unselfish thing.—Howells.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.-George Eliot. I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, to remember that it is possible that

The responsibility of women who have leisure for religion and do not profit by it is tremendous. They wiss the great work and the great opportutity of their lives. A woman without religion is as great monster as a woman without trust and without love .- Churchman.

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A mailing clerk in the Orlando, Fla., post-office found a live possum in the waste-

It is suggested that cellars may be ventilated by connecting them by pipe with the kitchen chimney, which will carry off the

There has not been a prisoner in the Armstrong, Mo., jail for five years, excepting an occasional trainp who is permitted to lodge there. A German scientist has discovered that trees the trunks of which are covered with

ning strokes. A lively Maine young woman has developed much skill in snaring Maine song-birds, and does quite a business at caging

moss or lichens are the most liable to light-

and selling them. The water supply in Tokio, instead of being taken directly into the house, is led into wells, which, as a rule, are only on one

side of the street. The total number of marriages upon Friday in England is only 2 per cent. of the whole number, showing the extent of superstition in regard to the day.

Erastus Lovette, a bachelor who lives at Rome, Pa., is said to be in his 104th year, yet capable of walking ten miles to town, and likely to live for years to come. A still-born calf at Pensacola had a head and face, including the nose and mouth, similar to those of a bull-dog, and the legs

were short and similar in shape to those of that species of dog. James Mountner, of the Omaha mine, Grass valley, was sawing through a log, the other day, that was thirteen inches through. In the center was a large frog.

that was cut in two pieces. A Dayton, Me., men says his town doesn't owe a cent and has \$2,000 in the treasury. and that neither a lawyer, doctor or minister resides within its limits, neither is

there any church in the town. The word "honeymoon" is derived from the German, and has its significance from the fact that the Germans formerly drank

mead-a sweet liquid made of honey-for thirty days after the wedding. An obstinate farmer in New Jersey, who refused to pay toll because the road was in bad condition, saw his folly afterward, when, on being sued, he had to pay costs

amounting to \$5. The toll was a few cents. The street-railway company of Kansas City reports that more than 2,000 articles have been carelessly left on the cars by passengers since Jan. 1, and that taking care of such estrays has grown into a busi-

Jane Simmons, a little mulatto woman living in Milledgeville, Ga., is said to be the first woman in the South to become a butcher by profession. She can kill, clean and cut up more hogs in a day than any man in the county.

While intoxicated a Cusetta, Ga., man drove into and through a clump of beegums. He and his mule were stung nearly to death-grave fears being entertained as to their recovery. It is estimated that the man received 2,000 stings. The coldest region in the United States

border of the Minnesota lakes to the western line of Dakota. At Pembina the lowest temperature recorded was 56° below zero, and this was reached in the winter of George Bidwell, the famous ticket-ofleave man who served fourteen and one-half years on a life sentence in British prisons

is the stretch of country on the northern

for the great \$5,000,000 forgery on the Bank of England, has twenty-five acres of prop-erty near Muskegon, Mich., and is there now looking it over. His home is now in Hartford, Conn. Specimens of a meteor which fell in Iowa a short time ago are said to out-charcoal charcoal in blackness where they have been exposed to the air, and the inner sub-

stance is steely gray. Though undoubted-ly metallic, they are remarkably light, being only one-fourth as heavy as ordinary pebbles of the same size. The Indians of northern British Columbia "bury their dead" by hanging them in large trees. The Siwash tribe had 300 of their ancestors hung up in this manner, and when hunters set the forest on fire the

bodies, dried by years of exposure, burned like tar barrels. The Indians are terribly excited and threaten vengeance. Another fondly believed story has been destroyed in the annihilation of the Colossus of Rhodes belief. M. Eiffel has worked the whole thing out most carefully, and, with M. Bartholdi, has come to the conclusion that the Colossus of Rhodes, such as it

is described to us in ancient history, could not possibly have existed, for technical rea-During the high water in the Feather river, Colorado, the bottom lands of the Briggs orchard were submerged. It is said that it is a fact that the fish have eaten the young pear trees in the water. Along the tules, where the water covered the ground, the fish have eaten the grass in many places

pasture. The Indians on the banks of the Orinoco river, South America, assert that an alligator, previous to going in search of prev. always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in dragging its prey under water. Bolivar, the traveler, is said to have verified this statement by shooting several of the saurians, in which stones were found.

At Bahrin, which is about the hottest part of the earth, no water can be obtained from digging wells to a depth of five hundred feet in many cases, but, thanks to copious springs which break forth in the waters of the Persian gulf, over a mile from shore, fresh water is obtained by divers, who fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it to the inhabitants.

A story comes from China that the peo-ple of Soochow were greatly alarmed by otmospheric phenomens. They appear first over rivers and creeks in the form of a black cloud which bears some resemblance to a boat, which gradually becomes a ball of fire, and after a time bursts into a myriad of starry flashes of light that float about in the air for a while, to the great terror of the beholders. Col. L. C. Hoyle, of Dawson, Ga., has in his possession a book a hundred years old

that is of considerable interest to curious readers. It is the printed laws of the State of Georgia from 1765 to 1799. In it is an act taking certain persons out of the penalty of confiscation and banishment, so far as it relates to the revolutionary war. An act of 1795 makes counterfeiting a death of-A useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water

and set it on the center of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close, so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice-water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the

## The Oldest Drummer, Kansas City Times.

The Times recently noted the presence in this city of Mr. J. C. Page, the oldest trayeling man in the country. Mr. Page started out in 1852 with half a dozen shoes in an old-fashioned hand-bag. He sought his first order from a former employer in Montpelier. Vt. This employer was a Green mountain merchant of the regulation type. He listened to the youthful and ardent young commercial traveler and then exclaimed "Why, boy, do you think you can sell shoes by samples!" The youth thought that he could. After mature deliberation, the merchant remarked: "Well, Joel, I don't believe that you would deceive me; you can send me a box of those shoes." To any one who has not watched the development of the boot and shoe business and the rapid increase in the number of commercial travmust prove interesting. That a vocation employing hundreds of thousands of per-sons every year, and with hundreds of mill-ions of dollars invested, could grow up during one man's lifetime almost surpasses be-

## Give Wind for Wind.

Rochester Democrat. Democratic admiration for Bynum's unruly tongue is composed chiefly of wind. well.

The vestals were visited with a terrble shoved one side suddenly and unceremonipenalty if they let the sacred fire go out. When the noisy and riotous Indianian